UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

Business Honor

By H. R. MUSSEY

Tolstoy—A Play in Seven Scenes
Scene II

By HENRY BAILEY STEVENS

The Church as a Haven

By R. H. MARKHAM

In New York City

By SYDNEY STRONG

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UNITY

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Editors:

John Haynes Holmes — Francis Neilson
Curtis W. Reese — Louis L. Mann

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CI MONDAY, JUNE 25, 1928 NUMBER 17

PRAYER OF THE FILIPINOS FOR LIBERTY

God, father of all nations, fountain of all strength and mercy, we, Thy people, come to Thee in this hour of danger and distress. Hide not Thy face from this nation, we beseech Thee. . . . We are a weak people, Thou art our refuge and our deliverer. . . . Of Thy loving kindness there is no end.

We entreat Thee, O Gracious Father, stay thou the hand that would smite our liberties. Send forth Thy Spirit unto our rulers across the sea and so touch their hearts and quicken their sense of justice that they may in honor keep their plighted word to us. . . . Let not the covetous designs of a few interests prevail in the councils of a sovereign nation, nor sway its noble purposes toward our country.

We pray Thee, O Lord, grant us grace to forgive those who seek to destroy our freedom. . . . We thank Thee that Thou hast inspired us with a renewed spirit of national unity. . . . Do Thou bless and sanctify our aspirations as a people. Guide us in our endeavors for our emancipation to that end that our every thought and deed may be acceptable in Thy sight.

Some time ago it was reported in these columns that France (which means the Poincaré Government) was proposing to oust UNITY's French correspondent, the distinguished Georg Demartial, from the Legion of Honor and thus rob him of his decoration. The reason for such action was of course obvious—namely, Demartial's ruthless exposé of Poincaré's responsibility for the Great War, and his uncompromising pacifism both during and since that conflict. Now comes word that Demartial's "trial" has been held, and the dossier announcing the verdict received by the accused. This verdict is so ludicrous as to do credit to a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. It seems incredible that it can be serious. Yet we are told that, with all due solemnity, the Legion of Honor has decreed that Demartial shall remain undisturbed as an officer of the famous Order, but that for a period of five years he must not wear his ribbon or use his title! *O tempora! O mores!* O hypocrisy and sham and cowardice! Would that we had the pen of a Voltaire, that we might fittingly comment upon this supreme and perfect instance of dishonesty. If Demartial is guilty, then why should he be retained on the Legion's roll of honor? If Demartial is not guilty, then why should he be denied the use of the ribbon and the title which as an officer are still his? There is no answer to such questions, since they answer themselves. But there is joy in heaven and on the earth at the plight of a group of patriots who could find no better escape than this from a ludicrous and humiliating situation. The Legion plainly enough found the pacifist, Georg Demartial, too hot a proposition to handle—too much truth in him, and courage, and love of right!—and dropped him as expeditiously and gracefully as it could. What little "Honor" the Legion had left is now pretty completely wiped out by this silly and futile action.

The Republicans enter the campaign with enormous disadvantages — the unpunished and unrebuked corruption of the last eight years, the revolt of the farmers of the middle and far West, and for the first time since 1912 serious internal dissension and confusion. On the other hand, however, the Republicans enter the campaign with one advantage so mighty that it may well be taken to outweigh everything else. We refer to the thorough-going identification of the Coolidge administration with the greatest peace program ever projected in the history of the world, and the necessity of saving this program from untimely wreckage. That Secretary Kellogg can secure his Outlawry of War treaty before next March is unlikely in the extreme. Diplomacy is notoriously slow-footed. Certain of the nations—France in particular, and England to a considerable degree—have no desire to make haste, and will thus be glad to consume as much time as possible. Furthermore, there are real difficulties to be solved which must in the very nature of the case prolong negotiations. Under these circumstances the question of succession to Coolidge and Kellogg becomes a matter of the first importance to every sincere peace advocate in the country. That the Democrats will do anything for Outlawry is not to be imagined for a single moment. In the first place, the Outlawry program is root-and-branch a Republican policy, and thus not to be touched by any true member of the opposition. Secondly, Governor Smith and his advisers know little and care less about international affairs, and thus can be expected not even to understand what the Kellogg-Briand negotiations are all about. Thirdly, such informed and influential peace men as find themselves in the Democratic ranks are old-fashioned Wilsonian advocates of the League of Nations, and thus instinctively unfriendly to this new and greater plan of international concord. No, if the Outlawry program, now so wonderfully advanced, is not to be lost next March by change of administration, there must

be insured a succession pledged to the Kellogg doctrines. The Democrats can offer no such succession. The Republicans can—if they will!

If any one thing is clear in international relations it is that the small nations must behave themselves. If Haiti or Nicaragua undertakes to do things their own way, or to serve their own particular interests, or to indulge in an occasional revolution such as all nations now and then enjoy, the United States is close at hand with a bunch of "devil-dogs," and unleashes them promptly to work their havoc. If Egypt attempts to use the sovereign and independent power solemnly granted her by Great Britian some months ago, England is immediately on the spot with ultimatums and dreadnaughts, to see that the will of the Empire is obeyed. If Jugo-Slavia so much as says that her soul is her own, Mussolini's Italy wants to know what such impudence means. Even the League of Nations joins in the sport of brow-beating and exploiting the little fellow. Here is Lithuania, robbed of her capital city, Vilna, by Poland backed by France! She stands up in the League—organized ostensibly for the very purpose, among other laudable purposes, we had supposed, of protecting the rights of small nationalists—and declares that Vilna is still her capital, and that she proposes to regard her relations with Poland as "unsettled" until the city is restored and its rape atoned for. Whereupon the Great Powers, led by the truculent Austin Chamberlain, rebuke Lithuania and bid her accept the *status quo*. It's the same old story of power riding rough-shod over those too weak to defend themselves. Such a spectacle goes far toward persuading one to the acceptance of the Communist doctrine that there is no way out save through the accumulation and use of force greater than that of the oppressor. We still ourselves remain unconverted, but we have suspicion that the world at large is seeing the point and acting accordingly. It is this that makes the future loom so dark.

An epoch-making moment has been reached in the Chinese revolutionary movement. With the evacuation of Peking by the northern war-lord, Chang Tso-lin, the Nationalists have completed their conquest of China, and now stand everywhere triumphant. It is a thrilling hour—momentous beyond all calculation not only for China and the East but also for the world at large. For a new force has arrived in the field of history, and what it will do and ultimately mean for mankind, not even the seventh son of a seventh son can say. Just now, of course, interest centers in the Nationalist movement itself. Will it hold together and thus consolidate its enormously important position, or will it break up again and thus postpone organization of China, resistance to Japan, and straight-out dealings with the western powers now clinging precariously to their treaty-ports? The answer to these questions is in the hands of three men: First, Chiang Kai-shek, leader of the southern forces, disciple of the immortal Sun Yat-sen, able soldier and perhaps one of the great men of the contemporary world. Secondly, Feng Yu-hsien, the so-called "Christian General," who exemplifies his Christianity by brutal militarism and a shifting of loyalties whenever personal advantage may be served. Thirdly, Governor Yen, of Shansi, an able administrator notable for modern economic developments in his province, but only recently dickering with the deposed Chang. The best hope in the situation is Chiang Kai-shek—that he will prove the Caesar who will dominate, and by sheer force of character and leadership organize the vast territory now in his hands into a political unity. Meanwhile, certain things in China have ended forever. The political and economic control of China by the western powers is one. Another is the Christian missionary movement, which will either be ousted entirely or else be so changed as to be unrecognizable. A third is the encroachment of Japan, who now for the first time finds herself confronted by a neighbor potentially greater than herself. We must close one book of Asiatic history, and open another. With the fall of Peking, a new page began.

A full report has now reached us of what our Methodist brethren did at their recent Kansas City Convention, and we are again moved to acclaim these disciples of the great Wesley as the most progressive, courageous and far-seeing group of Protestants in the country. Here is an inadequate summary of their formal actions! They voted that Methodist ministers may hereafter serve as pastors of community churches which have no denominational affiliation, thereby extending the heart of sympathy and the hand of help to this radical movement for the ending of all denominationalism. They invited the Presbyterians to join with them in working out a merger of Methodism and Presbyterianism into one great Christian church—an enormous step toward the ideal of church unity. In addition to these two important actions, the Methodists established a permanent commission authorized to represent the denomination, with full powers in any matter having to do with unity, comity, cooperation or any other form of effort toward Christian brotherhood. If there is any religious body in America which has done as much to help on the cause of religious fellowship as the Methodists did at Kansas City, we should like to know it. But there were other actions equally important! We have already spoken of the Convention's condemnation of military training in schools and colleges (see UNITY, June 11th). To this should be added the sweeping endorsement of the Kellogg proposal that "war should be made a public crime under

the law of nations," the denunciation of military preparedness and the advocacy of disarmament, the approval of a world court with affirmative jurisdiction, and the drastic declaration that "the agencies of our church shall not be used in preparation for war." A remarkable action was the adoption of a new code of marriage and divorce, authorizing the remarriage of persons divorced for "adultery, or *its full moral equivalent.*" The addition of this last phrase is the most civilized action taken by any church on this vexed question in years. Lastly, the Methodists adopted a new and sweeping platform of social idealism. What a record! Here is one communion in which Christianity is not dead.

Is there any kind of snobbery worse than literary snobbery? And is there any kind of snobbery commoner than literary snobbery? In recent years this snobbery has resorted to the device of seizing upon authors who never gained a large public, who never were popular in any sense of the word, and lauding them to the skies, for this reason alone, apparently, as geniuses. The belated and rapturous acclaim of Herman Melville and his "Moby Dick" is a case in point. This man, who wrote and died in almost complete obscurity, we are now told was one of America's greatest novelists, and "Moby Dick" the greatest American story ever written. Everybody must now read "Moby Dick"—but how many have actually done it? We have tried, and tried, and tried again, and have not yet succeeded. The newly-acquired fame of this so-called masterpiece is to us sheer "fudge." Joseph Conrad is another illustration of this critical snobbery of which we are speaking. Some of Conrad's stories are extraordinary pieces of work. "The Nigger of the Narcissus," for example! More of his stories are models of dullness and confusion—"Chance," for example! All of his stories, like those of Henry James, proved to be caviar to the general. Whereupon, the critics have seized upon him, as they earlier seized upon James, and acclaim him the supreme literary artist of his time. The Conradian furore, which has now been raging for a half-dozen years, and which is all based on the fact that Conrad never found an audience, is to our mind one of the silliest chapters in the annals of contemporary literature. Other illustrations of snobbery are obvious—Walter Pater yesterday, James Branch Cabell today. What easier way to prove one's intellectual superiority than to discover an undiscovered master? For ourselves, we believe that there is no such identity between obscurity and greatness as is here implied. On the contrary, we believe that the greatest masters are those who make the widest human appeal. From Shakespeare to Bernard Shaw, from Fielding and Smollett to Dickens and Thomas Hardy, the giants have been known of the people. Beware of any man who speaks not the common tongue and touches not the common heart!

Business Honor

The other day I was asked why I did not favor Mr. Hoover for President. After giving four other good reasons, I added, "Because I am unwilling to vote for any man who could sit for seven years amid the corruption of the Harding-Coolidge Administration without uttering one public word of protest, or, so far as the public knows, lifting a finger to separate himself from responsibility for the acts of men who have debauched and disgraced our public life." I hear that the "politicians" are against Mr. Hoover and that therefore he must be perforce a highly desirable public servant; or I learn that the farmers are against him because they think that he opposed their getting theirs, and that therefore he is a bad candidate because he could not be elected; but I do not discover anybody who is for Mr. Hoover because that eminent engineer would take a scourge of small cords and drive out of the temple those that sell public office for support in the primaries, or that use official position to get loot for their friends. Mr. Hoover is too busy annexing new bureaus to the Department of Commerce or standardizing electric fixtures or eliminating waste in the production of shoestrings or doing other equally laudable and equally important things for our added comfort and convenience and for the greater glory of the Department—he is too busy with all these things to waste time on unproductive emotions like moral indignation against thieves and bribe-takers and bribe-givers and other prostitutes of public office and private trust, always excepting, of course, rival politicians who are unmannerly enough to poke into his unimpeachable pre-convention campaign expenses.

Now I am not concerned with Mr. Hoover, except as a phenomenon. What I am concerned with is simply an interesting and, as it seems to me, significant fact concerning him, the fact that a man of this type, according to his own magnificent publicity the stark embodiment of high-tension efficiency, a man of unimpeachable private reputation, but without the slightest suggestion, so far as the public is aware, of active hostility to anything in others worse than business inefficiency—the fact that a man of this type should have become the idol of the great rank and file of substantial business men and all their hangers-on. Just what

does this fact mean as to what American business really values and cares about?

My mind turns back to the Teapot Dome and Elk Hills betrayal. I recall the "faithless public servant" and the "fraud and corruption" of that memorable opinion in which the Supreme Court of the United States put the brand of Cain forever on the brow of Albert B. Fall and Harry F. Sinclair; and I remember that within a year, with all the essential facts of their perfidy indubitably established, the American Petroleum Institute honored Harry F. Sinclair and Edward L. Doheny and dishonored itself by re-electing them both to membership on its Board. I remember, too, the well-nigh unbelievable facts of the Continental Trading Company fraud, by which four rich and powerful business men engineered what now appears as a plain theft of three millions from their own stockholders, to put no worse construction on it. To quote the blistering words of that brave and honest public man, Senator Walsh of Montana, it seems to have been just a "contemptible private steal." One of those men, Robert W. Stewart, on his own testimony stands convicted of deliberate deceit of a committee of the United States Senate, and rests today under shadow of a charge of perjury. Yet, despite the brave and honest gesture of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to whom be given all due honor, Robert W. Stewart is still Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana. Of the three other contemptible principals involved, two have for years been fugitives in foreign countries, not daring to set foot on the soil of their own land. The third, blatant and unashamed in the nakedness of his crime, has defied our government, has hired clever lawyers to get him out of the clutches of the law, has tried to corrupt the very fountainhead of justice itself.

Once more I am concerned, not with these pitiable individuals, but with the apparent attitude of American business men toward them. Has a single one of these men been repudiated, even by the very company that he betrayed? Has a single responsible business organization done anything more than pass platitudinous general resolutions on the subject? If so, I have not heard of it. It remained for an organization of jockeys and race-track followers to repudiate any of the conspirators by name. Do American business men as a class condone public and private thievery, provided only it be successfully carried out on a large enough scale? I do not believe it, and yet I am hunting vainly for evidence to the contrary.

I turn to the Federal Trade Commission's inquiry into the publicity campaign of the public utilities companies against public ownership. A more unblushing story of deliberate attempt to debauch public opinion at all the sources where it is created, I venture to say, has never been revealed. Man after man has gone on the stand and without shame or apparent reserve sworn to his methods of spreading abroad "sound information," has sworn to the way in which he has poured into the minds of defenseless children and young persons in the elementary and high schools statements of alleged facts which he either did not know to be true or did know or believe to be false. Schools, colleges, text-books, platform, press—wherever there was public opinion in the making to be befuddled and misdirected there these industrious purveyors of information and misinformation have been forever on the job, with each month's bills cheerfully paid by the companies behind them. To what end? "Sound information," in order that utility and power companies may continue to get more grubby dollars. Have the newspapers spread these big stories abroad? They have not; they have softpedaled the whole investigation, one of the most sensational that we have had in years. Have the utilities companies repudiated their agents? They have not; on the contrary, they appear blissfully unconscious of the slightest wrongdoing. Has the business community risen in wrath at this attempt, not only to deceive it, but to make the very children in the schools believe lies? It has not; on the other hand, it has not even troubled itself to read such bits of information as the news editor permitted it to see. The plain fact seems to be that the business community does not care.

What does it all mean? A few days ago I asked a friend the question, a woman of the widest information and the greatest sobriety of judgment. "Do you really believe," I said, "that American business men by and large condone the sort of thing that we have been watching during these years?" "I have seen them condone so much," she replied, "that I am afraid I am obliged to believe it." Her answer gave me pause, and I have been pondering it ever since. Can it be true that the pursuit of private gain in this, the richest and economically most favored country in the world, has brought the dominant class to that state of moral obtuseness and obliquity in which the rooting out of such abuses as I have mentioned seems less important than the continued easy enjoyment of such privileges as it possesses and can acquire? I still find myself unable altogether to believe it, though all my evidence points in that direction; but of one thing I am sure. If this is the best that a prosperous America can show morally, and if the future held no hope of anything better, then, to apply in another connection the words of John Stuart Mill spoken seventy-five years ago, "if this or Communism were the alternative, all the difficulties, great or small, of Communism would be but as dust in the balance." Is or is not American business capable of a moral renaissance in which fundamental honesty and loyalty to truth shall become more important than "efficiency" and "success" and comfort and ease? To answer that question, American

business is called, not to the bar of public opinion, but to the judgment-seat of divine justice, where there is no counting of majority votes.

H. R. MUSSEY.

Jottings

Watch a group of children at play. One child does a clever trick and immediately all the others proceed to imitate him. So with aviators! After Lindbergh, all the others must do the same. And apparently aviators have as little realization as children that what was clever, brave, imaginative once, becomes very stupid by repetition.

Campaign text-books are now in order. For the Republicans we suggest Adams's "Revelry," the famous novel of the Harding administration; and for the Democrats, Werner's history of Tammany Hall. Readers of these books will know what the two old parties are about.

"A crusade on behalf of temperance which begins by making temperance a crime is, to say the least, a puzzling phenomenon." *President Butler at the Columbia Commencement.* An equally "puzzling phenomenon" is a university president who does not know that the Prohibition law does *not* make "temperance a crime." This law makes the manufacture, sale, and distribution of alcoholic beverages a crime—which is a very different thing!

The late Luther B. Wilson, of the Methodist church, was a bishop. Eight bishops conducted his funeral service. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Dr. Wilson was a good man, a brave man, and in many ways a great man.

It seems dastardly business—this waging war in Nicaragua without a declaration of war by Congress. But it has its advantages! Since legally a state of war does not exist, it is possible without interference from government to praise Sandino, to approve his cause, to send him medical supplies, and so on. So let's make the best of a bad situation.

It is reported from Indian that, owing to the death of his nephew, Maganlal Gandhi, the Mahatma has abandoned his proposed trip to Europe this summer. Sympathy goes out to Gandhi in the loss of a beloved kinsman, one who has been his loyal comrade ever since the South Africa days.

J. H. H.

American Notes—In New York City

(Editorial Correspondence.)

I take it for granted that the place in which UNITY readers would be most interested in New York City is the Community Church. Let us therefore attend the two services of the last Sunday of Dr. Holmes, before he goes for a brief vacation. The readers will agree with me that they were quite remarkable ones—such as to mark him off from the ordinary run of ministers. In the morning he spoke on "Should a Roman Catholic be Elected President?" In the evening there was a "Memorial Service for American and Nicaraguan Dead." No wonder the church was full at both meetings.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!" This is the bold sentence back of the pulpit that challenges the visitor at once. It fits Dr. Holmes admirably. You are conscious that there is no recess that he would cover up. Further, that it will do every subject, every man, good to be brought into the light! After the organ "Prelude" there is a "doxology," but it is not the doxology of your youth except in tune. You are at liberty to sing your orthodox one, or the following:

> Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
> And, as Thy glory fills the sky,
> So let it be on earth displayed,
> Till Thou art here as there obeyed!

There is an excellent organist, ditto soloist. The 19th Psalm is responsively read. The hymn, "Creator, Spirit, by whose act, the World's Foundations first were laid" was sung—the minister remarking that it was written by "a great Roman Catholic." For a scripture lesson, a few paragraphs from Lord Macaulay, on "Religious Tolerance," were impressively read. The second hymn proved to be one composed by one of the mightiest of the Catholic Popes, Gregory the Great. So, we were all set for the address on "Should a Roman Catholic be Elected President?"

It was a remarkable address. The speaker prophesied that the coming election was likely to be a bitter one, because of the introduction of the "Catholic question." Dr. Holmes then proceeded to make three statements about electing a Roman Catholic to the Presidency—and he distinctly mentioned Governor Smith as the man he had in mind. This is where Dr. Holmes is delightfully frank. "LET THERE BE LIGHT!" In the first place, a Roman Catholic, under the laws of the United States, has a perfect right to be elected. There is nowhere in the Constitution mention of any qualification in religious matters. The whole history of the American people has been against discrimination in religion. America was discovered by a Roman Catholic. The first adventurers and explorers—even up to the Great Lakes and into the Valley of the Mississippi—were Roman Catholics. Maryland—one of the happiest of the colonies—was founded by Roman Cath-

olics, and with special emphasis on tolerance, standing in this respect along with Pennsylvania and Rhode Island. There were 50,000 Roman Catholics in America in 1780. One of the signers of the Declaration of Independence was a Roman Catholic. There had been for 150 years, in the colonies, some sporadic persecution of Catholics, but when the Constitution was made the Colonists decided to cast out all religious disabilities. The Fathers of the land thus threw open the door of the White house to Roman Catholics. Governor Smith has a perfect Constitutional right to be President.

In the second place, said Dr. Holmes, "I will give my personal opinion" that to indulge fear over the entrance of a Catholic into the White House is ridiculous. He said he was aware of the claims of the papacy, that the church is superior to the state, that it was the deliberate will of the papacy to enforce this idea. But whatever the Church believes, the time has passed by when the Church will have the power to enforce its pretensions. The Pope has been divested of temporal power, and in claims of civil sovereignty he must be classed among the "royal pretenders" of history—exactly like the "claimants to the thrones" of Russia and France. These countries do not take seriously such claims. Neither should Americans take seriously the civil claims of the papacy. France has had Catholic Presidents. Belgium's king and queen are Catholics. Canada has had a Catholic Premier. Yet these countries are all free! "Rome" is dead as a political power. Millions are afraid that "if 'Al' Smith becomes President," all our institutions will come under the sway of "Rome." It is a groundless fear. It's a fool's fear, which reminded Dr. Holmes of a remark of Maude Royden's to the effect that there were no more fools in America than elsewhere, but the trouble was, "In America, the fools are organized."

When Dr. Holmes got to his "thirdly," there came the most thrilling part of his sermon. He said he rejoiced that the country had an opportunity to put a Roman Catholic in the White House, and thus to prove that this is a real democracy. Such action would reveal that the Constitution was not a scrap of paper, but a real thing. We boast that ours is a land of liberty, of equality, of toleration in religion and race! This will give us opportunity to make good our claim! Dr. Holmes said the next man after a Catholic he would like to see in the White House is a Jew (I whispered to myself—and the next a Negro, and the next a woman!) Then would we be able to declare to the world, Here indeed is democracy!

There may be "many reasons why 'Al' Smith should be defeated," said Dr. Holmes, but his fidelity to the Roman Catholic Church is not one of them. There is need of a new birth of freedom, that "government of the people, by the people and for the people may not perish from the earth."

The big congregation went slowly out, conscious that they had heard a sermon such as Theodore Parker might have preached in Boston when human rights were at stake.

In the evening came the second service, in memory of the dead in Nicaragua. This was a unique service. It bids promise of setting an example for future practice. We may now expect, should another war break forth, to see people assemble in "sacred memory" of the slain of both sides to the combat. Why not? It will be a return to the high original principle of the Red Cross, when the battlefield of both sides was considered the field of work—before the Red Cross became the adjunct of a partisan army! This idea, a noble one, is to engage in mourning for the slain of both sides as victims of a common disaster. I am trusting the reader to send the custom on.

It was a surprising service. In the first place I was surprised by seeing the names signed to the call. Let me give every one of them; they will stand as a roll of honor when the bells of heaven are rung, and the "black list" is thrown into the sulphuric flames. Here they are:

John Haynes Holmes	Isaac Landman
Sherwood Eddy	John Nevin Sayre
Harry E. Fosdick	Charles Francis Potter
Henry Sloan Coffin	Henry Neumann
S. Parkes Cadman	Nathan Krass
Robert Norwood	John Howland Lathrop
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A. Wakefield Slaten	Villa Faulkner Page
Bishop Paul Jones	Leon S. Land
Sidney E. Goldstein	Karl Reiland
F. Ernest Johnson	Minot Simons

Guy Emery Shipler

If you saw those names attached to a call for a Memorial Service for the Nicaraguan Dead, you would expect something to happen. Something did happen! On the platform sat the five who were to speak: Miss Page, Dr. Slaten, Rabbi Fisher, Editor Shipler, and Dr. Holmes. In front of them were two groups of candles—21 for the dead U. S. Marines, 200 for the dead soldiers of Sandino. After Dr. Slaten had reminded us that the Lord would not fail nor faint till he had set justice in the earth; and after Miss Page had expressed our sorrow that men had been called upon to die, who had no choice but to obey, even Kipling's "Recessional" assumed a quite unmartial aspect,

> For frantic boast and foolish word—
> Thy mercy on thy people, Lord.

Then Dr. Shipler of the *Churchman* made you desire to read his editorials. He said:

> Our memories are too short. It was not a good thing to send marines to Nicaragua. Too long the people have been made fools of by the diplomats. The "boys" on both sides have been crucified for the *status quo*. Truth does not come out of war. One gets weary hearing the old stupid arguments justifying war. Ninety per cent of what is said about war is lies. There is need of a crusade against war. Men must begin to shout aloud that war must not be.

Then Rabbi Fisher, who has the ardor of a Methodist evangelist!

> We mourn for the loss of steady vision. . . . War reduces itself to the simple problem of man killing his brother man. *Why* did these men die? Synagogues and Churches, *Why* did these men on both sides die? God counts Nicaraguans! God does not care under what flag men gather. Tonight, we here recognize that the Nicaraguans are our friends, our brothers. Here, we say, Farewell, marines, Farewell Nicaraguans—martyrs to man's stupidity, victims of man's lack of love for his brother-man!

Then Dr. Holmes, who referred to the monument reared by Americans to the dead Britishers at Concord bridge, to the Blue and Gray mingling on Memorial Day, to the German flag and the Stars and Stripes entwined recently on Fifth Avenue—ten years after the Great War!

> In this spirit we assemble here to remember those who have died in Nicaragua—U. S. marines and soldiers of Sandino. There have been six battles. . . . It is not called "war" but it looks like war! Among the Americans, 21 have been slain. Among the Nicaraguans, it is estimated that something over 200 have been slain. They all died in the line of

duty to their country. . . . And now these candles will be lighted—one for each of the dead—while the Church is darkened. They will be symbols of the kindling of darkness into light—of how men may move from the dark obscurity of common life into the lustre of eternity. And as we sit in quiet, let it be a time of penitence for the sins of government, for these who have been slain—a time of prayer that war may be no more.

And so the candles one by one were lit, while the organ played the divine melody of Handel's "Largo."

There is a charm about a lighted candle. One can see why the Catholic Church uses them in such abundance as symbols. As one after the other of the 221 were lighted, the scene grew very impressive. The speakers' faces shone with celestial glow. And, then—I don't know whether others noticed it or not—but just back of the pulpit is the glorious Tiffany Mosaic, an angel with wings widespread, with the utterance, LET THERE BE LIGHT, bursting from the sky. One could think it was a divine personage come down out of the heavens for the occasion.

There, in the holy light, we sat in penitence and sorrow for those who had died in Nicaragua—*for the shedding of blood of man by the hand of man*—and we prayed that indeed they might "not have died in vain!" . . . Then we sang

> These things shall be! A nobler race
> Than e'er the world hath known shall rise,
> With flame of freedom in their souls,
> And light of knowledge in their eyes.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Tolstoy

A Play in Seven Scenes

By Henry Bailey Stevens

SCENE II

Outside a peasant's hut near Tula in the year 1881. The hut runs along the left. It is a low building with thatched roof. A door is near left front, and two windows towards the center, with a bench in front of them. A small shed is connected to the hut at a right angle and extends part way along the rear. On the right stretch flat fields with a forest in the background.

Tolstoy enters with the stride of a person accustomed to walking long distances, and knocks at door. When there is no answer, he knocks again. After a moment Syntayev comes around the corner of the shed at rear. He has the appearance of a poor muzhik, in a greasy sheepskin jacket. His beard is mud-colored, tinged with gray, and his eyes are large and colorless.

SYNTAYEV: You can go in if you wish. It is not locked.

TOLSTOY: I am looking for Syntayev, the stone-cutter. Are you he?

SYNTAYEV: I am Syntayev. I was a stone-cutter. Now I am a herdsman.

TOLSTOY: I am Leo Tolstoy. Prugavin told me of you.

SYNTAYEV: You are Count Tolstoy?

TOLSTOY: Yes, but let us not bother with titles. I have come to you thinking you might help me. I have lost my way.

SYNTAYEV: The road to Tula lies over there. It is a straight road.

TOLSTOY *(meaningly):* Do not misunderstand me. It is not to Tula that I want to go.

SYNTAYEV *(after a moment):* Where do you want to go?

TOLSTOY: Wherever is necessary.

SYNTAYEV: I understand. Most people think that too difficult a road.

TOLSTOY: As long as it is the right road, I am not afraid.

SYNTAYEV: Will you not sit down, brother, and tell me where you have been?

TOLSTOY *(sitting on bench):* I have been searching in books—stacks of books, rooms of books, houses of books, books written by the Greeks, by the Egyptians, by the Romans, by the English, by the Hindus, by the Chinese. Tell me, can you read?

SYNTAYEV: Only a little—what is necessary.

TOLSTOY: Then you are fortunate. You can go straight to Truth like a horse to water. You do not have to have it piped to you.

SYNTAYEV: I do not scoff at learning.

TOLSTOY: I do not find God there.

SYNTAYEV: Where else have you looked?

TOLSTOY: I have been to the Optin Monastery. I have walked as a pilgrim to the Catacombs at Kief. I have visited the Trinity-Sergius Lavra. I have talked with the Old Believers in Samara, with the Molokans and the Doukhobors, with a hermit in a cave at Buzuluk. I have argued with priests and Radstockites and Bashkirs.

SYNTAYEV: And is there no other place that you have looked?

TOLSTOY: I know what you mean. I have looked also in my own heart, and sometimes I feel that I can catch a glow there like the reflection of the sun on a frosty window-pane. I have not seen the sun, but it seems to me that it is there, beyond the window.

SYNTAYEV: Well, perhaps you do not need help, then.

TOLSTOY: It is this way with me. I am in a boat which was pushed off from an unknown shore. Oars were put into my inexperienced hands, and I was left alone. I used the oars as best I could to get to the opposite shore, but as I approached the center of the stream, the current became stronger. I found that it carried me out of my course. I met other navigators like myself who were being swept away by the stream. Many of them had thrown down their oars. There were large boats and enormous ships crowded with men, some struggling against the current, others gliding on with it. The more I watched the long line floating down the current, the more I forgot the course pointed out to me. In the very middle of the stream, amid the crowd of boats and vessels floating down, I altogether lost the course and threw down my oars. From all sides the joyful and exulting navigators, as they swept down stream, assured me that there could be no other direction. And now all of a sudden I hear the roar of the rapids in which I seem bound to perish, and I see within them boats that have already been broken

up. I fear that I cannot avoid destruction. I grab my oars and try to struggle against the current; but the oars are clumsy. I do not seem to know how to use them. I can now see back up stream that multitudes of boats have been making headway all of the time toward the opposite shore; they are the great, hard-working masses of the people; but we educated, cultured men seem to have forgotten how to row.

SYNTAYEV: In order to row you need to put your oars into water. They will not operate in the air.

TOLSTOY: What do you mean?

SYNTAYEV: I mean that creeds and rigmarole do not count.

TOLSTOY: I understand that.

SYNTAYEV: It is not what you say that counts. It is what you do. That is what is the trouble with the churches.

TOLSTOY: Are you not a Christian, then?

SYNTAYEV: As you said a few minutes ago, we will not bother about titles.

TOLSTOY: Tell me your experience.

SYNTAYEV: I was a stone-cutter in Tula—I and my sons. We made grave-stones for people—a foolish business. Of what use is a grave-stone? When the body is dead, that is the end of the body. We took grain that other people had grown and garments that other people had made; and in return we gave them grave-stones. This food would have fed starving people; the clothing would have kept people warm. One day I said: "It is not enough to give candles in the church to God; we must give our whole lives." I talked with my sons, and since then we cut no more stone into foolish blocks. Some people owed us money. I said: "We will not collect it." We came here, where I serve the people as herdsman.

TOLSTOY: You find God in this way?

SYNTAYEV (*shrugging his shoulders*): I find Something in every blade of grass. The leaves in the trees have a new meaning. I feel Something glowing within me. I serve all men as my brothers. My heart is full.

TOLSTOY: And you think I too would find Something in myself?

SYNTAYEV: Try it and see.

TOLSTOY: Prugavin did well to send me to you.

SYNTAYEV: There is nothing new about it. It has been said from the time of the Master.

TOLSTOY: Ah! You believe, then, in Jesus Christ?

SYNTAYEV: Let my works answer.

TOLSTOY: You do well not to trust the lips. Tell me have you found the way hard?

SYNTAYEV (*shrugging his shoulders*): Hard? Most people would say so. It has not been traveled enough to be smooth.

TOLSTOY: Ah!

SYNTAYEV: But I have found it sweet.

TOLSTOY: Your family are happy to have taken it with you?

SYNTAYEV: I trust so. They were happy.

TOLSTOY: What do you mean? Are they not here?

SYNTAYEV: My wife died many years ago. Now my daughter is married.

TOLSTOY: And your sons?

SYNTAYEV: They are in Schlusselburg.

TOLSTOY: In prison?

SYNTAYEV: Yes.

TOLSTOY: How did that happen?

SYNTAYEV: An officer came. He told them they must take the oath to the Tsar.

TOLSTOY: They would not?

SYNTAYEV: The Gospel says: "Thou shalt swear not." They would not swear allegiance to anyone but God. The officer told them they must at any rate take rifles and join the army.

TOLSTOY: And they refused?

SYNTAYEV: The Gospel says: Thou shalt kill not. They said the rifles smelled of blood. And so the soldiers took them away to Schlusselburg.

TOLSTOY: What do you do without them?

SYNTAYEV: I shall probably be taken also.

TOLSTOY: Why? You are too old for the army.

SYNTAYEV: An officer came. He said I must pay taxes. I said: "I will not give money to pay for murder." He said: "Well, we will take your cattle."

TOLSTOY: Did you let them?

SYNTAYEV: I told them they sinned, but I did not quarrel with them. I said: "I will not open the gates for you; but if you must do so, go ahead. You will not find the door locked." So they took my cattle and sold them.

TOLSTOY: That was hard.

SYNTAYEV: I felt that I did right. I do not fear. I work for the peasants.

TOLSTOY: This method of life—you find it brings peace?

SYNTAYEV: Not if you want the peace of the body.

TOLSTOY: You have lost what property you had?

SYNTAYEV: It was a fence between me and other men. I am glad I have lost it.

TOLSTOY: You have broken the law of the Tsar?

SYNTAYEV: Well (*shrugging his shoulders*), I have kept the law of God.

TOLSTOY: And you are left alone?

TOLSTOY: No (*after a pause*), I am not alone.

TOLSTOY: Syntayev, I am afraid of you.

SYNTAYEV: I am not surprised. You are a rich man.

TOLSTOY: Yes, that is it.

SYNTAYEV: You have many people working for you. You are given good food. Most of your brothers have to eat kvas, bread and onions. You are given fine clothing. (*He feels of Tolstoy's apparel.*) All about us are people who do not have enough to wear. Fuel is brought to you to keep you warm. Do you know what it is to feel yourself freezing?

TOLSTOY (*groaning*): I have written about it. That is all.

SYNTAYEV: You have more land than you can use.

TOLSTOY: Fifty thousand desyatins!

SYNTAYEV: Most peasants have to get along with one.

TOLSTOY: It is true.

SYNTAYEV: What do you give your brothers in return for these things?

TOLSTOY: I pay them their wages.

SYNTAYEV: No, I do not mean money. What do you give them?

TOLSTOY (*groaning*): I give them books that they cannot read.

SYNTAYEV: If you gave them of your life as they give of theirs to you, you would not need to ask for God.

TOLSTOY: Ah! I have thought these things before, Syntayev. I look out into the life ahead of me as I look out now into those fields. It seems like a strange country, dark, untraveled. I shall have to grope my way. I shall be alone, walking on and on—into what?

SYNTAYEV: I think your oars now are feeling the water.

(*Suddenly Tolstoy drops on his knees. Syntayev joins him.*)

(Curtain.)

[Scene III next issue.]

The Church as a Haven

This little article is being written on Sunday—late Sunday evening, in a small hotel in the beautiful city of Geneva.

This morning I went to church, to an American church, where at a soothing and solemn service a fluent preacher in a flowing voice said sweet and alluring words about forgiveness. I could hardly conceive of a service better calculated to bring rest and repose to a lonely, distraught soul, seeking a safe and soft and secure asylum. In the first place, Geneva is the safest and most soothing city in the world. Geneva is a haven where hectic, worried, fiery souls have often sought refuge, it is also a retreat for people who have left the fray, a rendezvous for tame or timid folks with good intentions.

Geneva is the home of the League of Nations, a supremely tame society, of the International Y. M. C. A., the safest and soundest organization on earth, and of 159 other uplift associations, supported to a large extent by elderly people who want to bring in the millennium without making anybody feel bad. Geneva is a Mecca for noble ladies of both sexes, physically and spiritually past the prime of life. Geneva is the resort of nice folks,—everybody here is nice, and kind and clean and peaceable, everyone speaks in a soft voice and is accommodating beyond belief.

The American church here is a quiet little building on a quiet little street, doubly tranquil on a Geneva Sunday. And the pastor is a kind, brotherly man, with a soft voice and a soothing manner. I reached the church early this morning and was met in the yard as cordially as if the pastor had been waiting for me all the year—though I had never seen him before. He took me around to the church library and showed me two or three thousand very interesting books of every sort and said, "If you want any of these, just help yourself and sign up here, indicating what you have taken. When you get through with the book or books, bring it, or send it back."

What overwhelming generosity! This man never saw me before but here he offers me any book I want and without any deposit! How beautiful and bountiful the church seemed to me. No skimping, no straining, no presenting of bills—just a generous, "Help yourself." How many good, kind people have put those books there for me! What generous feelings the church inspires! How gracious and charitable she is! For that I love the church!

I leave the library and go into the main auditorium deeply touched. I sit in a soft, nicely upholstered seat, and on the floor in front of me is a big cushion on which to kneel. Everything is quiet and restful and spacious and generous and O, so safe! A pipe organ booms out. It thunders and whispers, and trills and sings. There are certainly two instruments which God has chosen for His very own—the pipe organ and the violin. And here God is soothing me and reassuring me and telling me in soft, alluring whispers that it's all safe, safe, safe.

People begin to come in—quiet, refined, well-dressed people. They are clean, and content, and so sure of themselves! They are dainty, manly, and fragrant—there is no odor of sweat or boiled cabbage upon them. They sit down and bow their heads before God and each other and are at peace. And the organ booms out confidence, and whispers comfort, and trills good cheer, and everything echoes safe, safe, safe!

And I feel like crying, and say to myself, "May I never leave this haven!"

Because I have long been worried and distraught and lonely and denounced, I have been an infinitesimal part of an unpopular, disagreeable minority which has been fighting a fight through all the ages. I have said to the members of a little Protestant church—the only one in the land where I live—that they have no right to seek rapture and celestial glorification for individual souls when humanity sinks down in misery, and that their songs and sermons about the magic, fire quenching power of Jesus' blood are a maligning of God and an offense to Jesus. On account of this I have been called an infidel and atheist and destroyer of society. I have also presumed to say that the beautiful songs and impressive liturgy of the great, national church in the land in which I live are a cloak to superstition and an exquisite curtain behind which rank injustice rages. And this is true, for our church encourages prayer for rain, and then prayer against too much rain, and prayer for dead people at so much a head, and performs ceremonies against rats and mice and wolves and hail, it also blesses implements of war, and consecrates saloons! And when I say this is wrong, and such services a travesty of Christianity, I am vociferously denounced as one who destroys foundations, corrupts youth and takes away "faith"—faith in the little black devils that have to be appeased, faith in a cruel, old, long-bearded God who'll get you if you don't watch out. And more than that all western Christendom is trying to form an alliance with our state church and so cries out "sh-sh—Mum's the word, don't oppose any church! They're all right in their way. We want to pat each other on the back and make each other feel that we're good fellows! Don't spill the beans! Don't make the bishops peeved."

Then I see well-dressed, well-educated army officers who dominate a nation and hold a people

in the cruel grip of mailed hands and I say, "This is murderous" and "violence annihilates a nation," at which terribly powerful people raise angry voices and call me a vile traitor and more.

I see a land of villagers and poor peasants, who work to exhaustion in order to feed the world, enrich the state and eke out a scant living for themselves, and over against these simple, uncouth, smelly people I see a little group of comfortable money lenders, who wait till the peasant and his brothers who make shoes and sell soap are in a tight place and then give them money at 50% interest. And I say this is treacherous and fiendish. After that very influential men shout in rage "A damned bolshevik."

All this renders life uncomfortable and unsafe. It fills the days with a strain and the nights with a restlessness. It turns one's existence into a battle field and compels one to be at odds with his neighbors, with all that is respectable and esteemed, all that knows its grammar and says its prayers and patronizes the manicure. It leaves one an outcast.

And that's why I am so touched by the service in this Geneva church. It is as a haven and retreat and refuge. The music picks me up in its soft, white arms and carries me off to God, where there will be no more fighting but peace and rest and good will and soft words.

Here beside me sits the general listening to sweet sentiments about the Prince of Peace. Here is the money lender so pious and gracious and he puts ten bucks right on the collection plate. And kind, elderly women sing of peace and glorification and a smooth voiced pastor invites us all to tea, next Wednesday, and then executes a fine liturgy, in which he repeats "His Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ." My, how I love that sentence! How it slides and glides and drifts along. It's like a gondola in Venice; I'm reclining on soft cushions and the boatman is rowing me softly and O, so lightly, away over the ocean of life to heaven. I would like to hear the preacher say those words a hundred times with a hundred different intonations.

Then how sweet are all the old words, God, Father, Holy Spirit, Heaven, peace, salvation, victory! Who could but be charmed by the word, "holy?" How that open "o" soothes and inspires and lifts you up, and when it glides into that liquid "l" it just seems to make you part of the whole universe. You waft into the stream of being and drift off softly, sweetly to absolute peace and light, lulled on the waves of the oft repeated "Holy, holy, holy."

But there's one word even better than that—it's "Ahmen." What a superb apex and climax and termination; that concludes everything. That clinches the matter. That seals the promise. With that soft, velvety "ah" we open our mouths, and hearts and souls; we take in creeds and forms, prophecies and dispensations; all the past and all the future—then suddenly and decisively we close our mouths and capture the cosmos with our lips. What an astonishingly, reassuring finale! There it is—all settled, all fixed up, all worked out. The "Ahmen" is said. Everything is in perfect order, as clean as day, as certain as the stars. No doubt, no equivocation, no "as ifs" or "perhaps." There it is; Amen. All you have to do is to get in line, and start along the path with a hundred signposts, all Amen, Amen, Amen. Just buy your ticket. Just take your little pink pill; it'll do the work; it's bound to do the work; it's guaranteed by holy books and holy churchmen, by councils, creeds, and a million black-robed, serious servants of God. The Amen has been uttered. Just accept the doctrine and be safe and sane, happy, respectable and at peace.

Then comes the sermon on forgiveness. It is just the kind of a sermon I want, for the world has been showing its teeth at me, and shoving me out of the gatherings of good people. I am tired and disturbed and want the universe and God and nice folk with white collars and soft dresses to forgive me, and speak kind words to me. So I like the sermon. I don't know what it means. I don't think the preacher knows what it means. As a matter of fact, it doesn't really mean anything to me. But is awfully nice and I drink in every word of it.

This is followed by the communion. Men and women go softly, quietly, up to the front of the church, kneel down and swallow a little morsel that makes them feel holier and better. It is so simple and dignified and solemn and so infinitely desirable. There you are! You solemnly swallow something and you become conscious of being closer to God. It is a beautiful ceremony—well dressed, delicate women and stately men with large bank accounts humbly kneel down and experience an influx of heavenly peace—and it is so simple! But I don't go up and kneel down. I am afraid of being fooled. I keep seeking God in dark valleys and on high mountain peaks, in little children, in the ministrations of loving mothers, in the deeds of heroes, in the discoveries of science, the songs of poets, and the self-sacrificing struggles of millions of peasants and workers, striving toward a freer, better life—and I have learned withal that it's terribly hard to find the Great Eternal, Ever-working Spirit of God. It takes so many tears and so much pain and such supreme sacrifice to get to God that this sweet and soft and silent communion seems too easy—for me. I am afraid to risk it. I fear I might just be getting a gold brick. If you grit your teeth hard enough you can manage to get along, without the golden treasure you search night and day, but it is crushing to stretch out an eager hand for the Holy Grail and receive a tin cup.

The people quietly leave the church, solemn, genial, and at peace. I stay on until they are all gone, reveling in the soothing atmosphere of a secure haven. I should like to stay on for hours, listening to the pipe organ boom and whisper, listening to an invisible choir chant a thousand holy, holy, holy's, and ten thousand Ahmens, and to a deep-voiced preacher in a flowing robe repeat, "His Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ."

I leave. I go out with reluctance. For that church which I love so much, which is so gracious and charitable, which gives so much cheer and comfort, and which is supported by so many kind and pure and devoted people, which binds up so many wounds and lifts so many fallen, and does so much to keep society intact and humanity from degenerating—that church is not my friend. As I travel about I shall see a church steeple or a church

dome in each of Europe's countless villages and I shall be glad. Europe would be worse without those cross crowned domes and steeples. I shall often hear the melodious sound of church bells and when I hear them I shall pause a moment and bow my head, for prayers mingle in those peals.

Yet if I keep my tiny place in the ranks of the insurgent minority, the clergy will curse me and the church people will damn me. We shall go our ways apart; the church with imprecations and threats, I with stubborness and sorrow.

I shall seek comradeship with the herdsman Amos, who dared denounce sonorous voiced priests, bright-robed bishops and gold-bedecked nobles, because of their treatment of evil-smelling villagers; and with the strange nobleman Isaiah, who wandered half naked, like one distracted, through the gay streets of a luxurious capital, calling down the wrath of God upon nobles and bankers and wealthy landlords, who, after crushing the poor, sought rapture and holiness in church songs—and with the fiery tentmaker, who toiled in little workshops with sweaty comrades during the day and in the evening gathered poverty-stricken, hard-worked men and women in stuffy little rooms in tiny homes in the slums to tell them of the Creator of a new social and spiritual order—and with the impassioned Carpenter, who proclaimed himself the founder of a new society, and scathingly denounced church officials, the intelligentsia, bankers and the military men, and who, after He was killed by the nice people in the country, entrusted His world mission to a group of roughly-clothed fishermen, who smelled of fried olive oil and musty nets.

The church was at war with these men and made them walk in lonely, dangerous paths. The salvation vending church made their ways unsafe. The church was a haven for others, but erected crosses for them.

The church is still a haven, a beautiful, soothing asylum, the Rock of Ages under which weary souls may seek shelter from life's storms. That is a superb service. But perhaps humanity also needs the lightning and the thunder of a Jeremiah and Micah and Huss and Jesus. Perhaps it is ordained that some men and women should bring a spark and not a pillow, war and not peace, spring floods and not fair weather droughts.

Let such people find a haven in the spirits of the heroes who inspire them and if on their crosses they cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" let these words betray sadness, but no bitterness and no regrets.

R. H. MARKHAM.

The Study Table

An Indian Teacher

In writing this review, I write as a westerner. It is difficult for the west to understand that its chief desiderata, success, efficiency, wealth, power, progress, are all more or less trumpery to the eastern mind. That wealth, power and success without consciousness of moral responsibility, or scientific achievement without spiritual understanding, are not, in any real sense, progress is not so much understood to the western mind as it is to the eastern.

It is this which is the message of Dr. T. L. Vaswani in his books,* and it is this that he believes the western world to need so sorely and which he believes the east is so uniquely qualified to give.

Again and again, in "Krishna's Flute," perhaps the most beautiful of the four, he reiterates his message:

> Mere efficiency never helped humanity. The test, to my mind, of the vitality of a national movement is not its membership, its funds, its organization; but its progress toward the ideal of humanity. . . . In periods of need and trouble, nations have been nourished by the idealism of men and women who have turned from materialistic ends to the inner values of life . . . . The true greatness of a nation is written, not in blood and iron, but in the worship of some great ideal. Such idealism is a mark of the international spirit. And true nationalism, as I understand it, is in tune with the ideal: internationalism. The "nationalism" of hate and passion, and strife and abuse. I call tribalism. . . . . Mere knowledge only sharpens intellects and enables some to cut their neighbors' throats; mere science becomes an agency of destruction; and the world is not any better for that culture which comes to slay. Knowledge that is proud and aggressive will not heal the nations.

Again we find him saying: "What the ideal impregnates becomes fruitful, what grows of opportunism soon decays . . . what lacks vision deserves to die."

In the past, the west has been told much of this, but it has discounted it generally as impractical. Dr. Vaswani says, in "India in Chains," "An Englishman says he asked a Commanding Officer in Ireland if the Sermon on the Mount appeared to him to be a 'seditious document.' 'Certainly,' was the officer's answer."

It was G. K. Chesterton, wasn't it, who said something to the effect that the reason the Sermon on the Mount was a failure was not that it was not a practical code of life, but that nobody had ever tried living it! But the east, in the person of Dr. Vaswani, asserts that idealism is the most practical thing in the world—indeed, the only practical course, and in both "Apostles of Freedom" and "India in Chains" the author gives us a glimpse of something actually unique in the history of the world: an entire nation setting out to prove that force of moral example is stronger than brute logic, and that a sense of moral obligation will outweigh exigency and expediency.

Holding "freedom of the spirit" to be the only true freedom, Dr. Vaswani points out that India today is undertaking to demonstrate that, as this freedom takes form in the soul of a nation, the outer evidences of servitude will inevitably slough off, without armed resistance. When was such a racial experiment ever tried before? And what an incalculable gain to humanity if it should succeed! With leaders and apostles such as Dr. Vaswani continually recalling and pointing the ancient way to the attention of the more reckless and impetuous, there is a fair chance that this effort toward spiritual freedom will succeed.

Dr. Vaswani's warning, over and over repeated, is against physical violence: against hostility, and hatred, and narrowness of aim.

> I do *not* believe, he writes, in a nationalism of physical violence. . . . And even if you succeed in setting up *swaraj*

*Apostles of Freedom, Krishna's Flute, India in Chains, The Spirit and Struggle of Islam. T. L. Vaswani, Ganesh & Co., Madras, India.

by violence, will it be, I ask, a worthy winning of freedom? . . . There are, then, the two things which national education should develop: the will-to-freedom and reverence for humanity. Freedom and violence, freedom and hate, freedom and race arrogance, cannot live together . . . establish in the students' minds the international mood, (compare with Nicholas Murray Butler's *International Mind*) and India will achieve an enduring *Swaraj*.

The words "swadeshi" and "swaraj," known in the west as homespun and self-determination, economic independence and national freedom, run like reappearing threads through the pages of his books.

As clearsightedly and unsparingly as he arraigns modern western civilization, he analyzes the weaknesses of his own beloved India.

It was a great truth the Hindu sages saw, the truth of *karma*, (he states). You reap what you sow, and what *karma* did we commit to fall so low in the scale of nations? I have read again and again in the history of India for an answer to this question. Two things, it seems to me, dragged us down from the height. There was the Hindu-Moslim conflict. Worse even than that was the treatment given the so-called "lower orders." It was the denial of India's original vision, the vision of the God-in-Man, arrested life, that has been the trouble in India. And the inwardness of the national movement, as I understand it, is India's effort to throw off the influences which arrested her. India is in search of herself. To many, *ahimsa* is foolishness as to the Greek the cross was foolishness. But in *ahimsa*—non-violence—lies, I believe, the salvation of India.

The right of every nation to be free; the right of a nation, no less than an individual, to make, if needs be, its own blunders and thereby learn to stand upon its own feet, is very clearly pointed out in Dr. Vaswani's books.

There is a pregnant saying of Buddha (he says), 'When one nation dominates another, both are unhappy. One dreams of its lost glory; the other fears that the subject-nation may rise. So it is that neither is happy.' India is awakening to the memory of her lost glory. She remembers that she stood on the heights of civilization at a time when the forefathers of Englishmen were uncivilized, running wild in the woods. . . . Liberty has an educational value for a nation.

Dr. Vaswani emphasizes religious tolerance. He believes in Hindu-Moslim solidarity, preferring the expression Hindu-Moslim brotherhood to the current expression, Hindu-Moslim unity. He sees in this the clearest hope of India's national integrity and her ultimate emancipation. In "The Spirit and Struggle of Islam" he elucidates this attitude, paying tribute, in the essays it contains, repeatedly, to the rich and indispensable contributions of Islam, in the past, to art, science, culture and religion.

Schopenhauer, (says Dr. Vaswani) dreamt of a day when the wisdom of the east would flow back to the west. Such, too, the dream I have dreamt again and again—the dream of an India that may be rich again in the wisdom of the spirit and deliver *Sri Krishna's* message to a waiting world.

The message has been often delivered. Even the doctrine of non-violent non-cooperation is no new thing to the west. If the west has turned away from ideals to the following of the false gods of material progress divorced from ethical growth, of science divorced from faith, statesmanship divorced from a sense of moral responsibility, it has sinned against light and knowledge.

Will it listen more heedfully though one rise from the past to call it to repentance? Is the need of the west the relinquishment of its nomenclatures and symbolisms for the embracement of others, sacred and inherent to other lands, or a new, revivifying "baptism of the Spirit?" To one accustomed to the intensely practical idealism of the western sect commonly called "Quakers," the essentials of India's message in ethics and religious ideals are by no means unfamiliar.

MERCY E. BAKER.

Correspondence

America at the Crossroads

Editor of UNITY:

When Mr. Hughes told the Pan-American congress at Havana that the United States' policy as regards Nicaragua is to establish a stable government and then withdraw from the country, he stated what will seem to most people a devout aspiration rather than a probable result. With other nations, intervention in the affairs of a weaker country for the protection of life and property has generally been a starting point for territorial aggrandizement. Naturally such interference arouses hatred and retaliation, and the intervening country easily finds excuse or feels itself duty bound to maintain its forces and extend its control.

In spite of the hatred now existing among a large part of the Nicaraguan people for our government, dispatches from Washington have stated that the State Department has under consideration an increase in the loans to the Nicaraguan government to the total amount of $12,000,000. Commissioner W. W. Cumberland who was recently sent to Nicaragua to investigate the financial situation has reported the country in excellent condition, and accordingly American bankers have expressed a willingness to make the increased loan if the Administration approves. The Administration, it seems, is disposed to accept no risks where dollars are concerned, and is reported as favorably considering the appointment of a "financial adviser" to superintend the expenditure of the money. According to Drew Pearson, writing in the Boston *Christian Science Monitor*, the "adviser" would be given, "within certain broad limits, absolute power of expenditure and would not be subject to the Nicaraguan congress. In other words, the United States would then be in the position of supplying Nicaragua with her revenue, spending it for her, policing her entire area and holding elections for her."

Is there no alternative to a protectorate in this form? There are many who believe that when capitalists invest their funds in other countries they should do so at their own risk. This, however, would discourage investment and thus cripple the development of desirable industries in backward countries.

Why could not the United States arrange with the Spanish American republics for a joint commission to provide protection for alien investments? The moral force alone that such a commission could exert would go far to secure the protection needed. These republics would have every reason to welcome such a plan and to work for its success, as a means of eliminating foreign interference and securing funds on favorable terms. And for us it would go far to remove the distrust and hatred which our present policy has engendered. Nothing will impel us to become an empire except our own vanity and greed.

F. S. KINDER.

Katherine Mayo's "Mother India"

Editor of UNITY:

I wish you could somehow voice in UNITY the idea that Miss Mayo's book is not especially harmful to India, however much it may have hurt the feelings of certain Indians. India can easily live it down. The real harm is to America and England. The evil of slander is worse to the slanderer and those who eagerly listen to him than to the people talked about. It is really astonishing that so many respectable and really fine Americans, and English, who would never, on hearing the first words of dirty gossip about their next door neighbor, invite the slandered into their parlor and spend hours eagerly listening to it all;—yet, on hearing of a book disparaging to Indians and containing some "awful revelations," immediately order the

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE OUTLAWRY OF WAR

(From the London News)

The United States Government has formally invited Great Britain, Germany, Italy and Japan to consider the conclusion of a single multilateral treaty with itself and France for the renunciation of war, and opened thereby a new chapter in international relations. Some decision must now be made, and it is imperative that nothing should be done without a full consideration of the implications of the treaty and of its alternatives. France has been led along this path reluctantly and with misgivings; but the doubts she has raised and the reservations she has suggested ought to make it easier for us to come to a correct decision. The American Note now published contains nothing new, but it is possible to see in it new points of emphasis. The treaty, although offered at present to five nations, would be open to signature by all the other Powers in the world; and the conclusion of a solemn pact of this nature would certainly have "a tremendous moral effect."

This, indeed, is surely to understate rather than exaggerate its results. It would, so far as one can see, offer an effective bridge between the members of the League of Nations and the United States. There is apparently no chance of America joining the League in the near future; but it is sufficiently obvious that the writ of Geneva will never run far enough to banish war effectively until and unless the United States is somehow associated with its sanctions. Strangely enough the discussion with France has had the effect of placing the latter nation in the ambiguous position of standing out for the possibility of war. It would be an extraordinary paradox that membership of the League, which owes its inspiration to the desire to banish war, should prevent us solemnly affirming our renunciation of it. Indeed, the paradox would look very much like insincerity across the Atlantic. Membership of the League undoubtedly involves the possibility of making a common front against an aggressor; but Senator Borah has recently used words which seem to suggest that the multilateral treaty involves the same thing only with the United States committed to it. This chance is so profoundly important, and so hopeful, that we trust the Government will give it the most sympathetic consideration.

SIX WEEKS OF RECREATIVE FELLOWSHIP

For forty years we have gathered young men and women here at Nysted, and we have tried to live intimately with them in order that the progress of cultural and spiritual recreation could take place in our midst. Biannually we have had three month courses. Our only entrance requirement has been an open mind and a zest for life. We have cultivated only one art, that of living human life.

Our courses have been attended almost exclusively by people of Danish descent. Naturally so, because our school here is an American continuation of the Danish people's colleges. This time we wish to open the school to all, irrespective of origin, etc. We invite people to come and live freely and devotedly together for six weeks from July 10th to Aug. 16th in a fellowship that may become recreative.

We hear so much these days about the vanishing America, the lost pleasures and arts, the lost beauties of the language. We hear that the machine age deprives us of that which makes life worth living. The machine takes the joy out of work. Motor rides and radio substitute for conversation. We get regimentation instead of free personal cooperation. The fragrance of home life is being lost.

It has been my experience that even today people can so live together that what has been buried can be revived, language can be renewed, a new hope and new ideas can sprout. Even today the wearied hearts can find succor. It is in free spiritual gathering that such can happen.

How shall we spend the six weeks? I am convinced that in a few days we shall discover that we can confide our doubts, our anxieties, our limitations and our vague aspirations to each other and talk them over. No definite set of debatable subjects shall be decided beforehand. Men and women who have had precious experiences and seen visions will be here to give us that which has become their heart treasures. We will install no radio, but sing ourselves. We will stroll along the creek and exercise our bodies in the folk-dances. We will arrange plays and pageants according to our desire.

Those who come must not expect luxury but relishing food and abundance of fresh Nebraska air will be furnished. On hot days a plunge in the river will bring relief.

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Aage Moller, Principal,
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FORTHCOMING INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCES

Inter-Parliamentary Union.

The twenty-fifth Conference of the Inter-Parliamentary Union is to take place in Berlin at the end of August. It is anticipated that 700 Members of Parliament will attend the Conference, which will discuss the basis of a peaceful co-operation between States, the problems of emigration and immigration, and the crisis in the life of the Parliamentary system.

Pan-European Congress.

Paris will this year be the scene of the second Pan-European Congress, from November 3 to 6. M. Loucheur and Dr. Coudenhove-Kalergi have been entrusted with the preliminary arrangements for the Congress, whose subject will be: An inquiry into the conditions under which can be realized a close economic co-operation between the European peoples. Particulars may be obtained from the Pan-European Union, Vienna, Hofburg, Zuckerbäckerstiege.

W.I.L. East European Conference.

The Women's International League is holding an East European Conference in September in Vienna. Two delegates each will be sent from Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Danzig and Rumania. Czecho-Slovakia, Bulgaria, Yugo-Slavia, Hungary, Transylvania and Bessarabia have also been cordially invited to take part as far as possible, so that representatives from all the East

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book, read it, and believe nine-tenths of it. And a publisher who would disdain to be an editor of a Hearst newspaper, which blazons forth salacious domestic gossip, will publish a "Mother India" without a qualm as to his responsibility for spreading dirt and half truths that amount to lies!

The only explanation I can give for such actions is that Americans and English have a suppressed bad conscience as a result of their long exploitation of dark-skinned races. So when this book comes along, which seems to make Indians so inferior, it gladdens the hearts of the exploiters and persuades them that really they are benefiting these inferiors, thus further obliterating the uneasiness of their conscience, making life more comfortable, and bolstering up their sense of superiority of white civilization. The latter feels rather shaky since the war, so Miss Mayo makes glad the heart of the Tory, the staunchest upholder of the preceding modes of white dominion. So I am sorry for America. I don't like to see Phariseeism grow there.

I don't feel that articles of indignant explanation of the real facts about India by way of rebuttal will do much good. That doesn't get at the heart of the wrong; namely the desire or willingness of Americans and Englishmen to believe these slanders about Indians. Ignorance of India won't account for the six printings of the book. People want to believe unpleasant things about their neighbors. I fear their pride will have to be greatly humbled by trouble and disaster of some sort before they can return to the truly racial or national equalitarian frame of mind of medieval Europe. R. G.

Simla Hills, India.

European nations may exchange their views on the most important and most urgent problems of their respective countries, and an attempt be made to come to an agreement on controversial questions.

Universal Peace Congress.

The twenty-sixth Universal Peace Congress of the International Peace Office is to be held from June 25 to 29 in Warsaw. The subjects for discussion are Disarmament, the Economic Organization of Peace, and an inquiry into the possibilities of improving and making more democratic the present League of Nations. *(Le Mouvement Pacifiste, March-April, 1928.)*

W. I. L. Summer School.

From July 27 to August 10 the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom is holding an International Summer School at Westhill Training College, Selly Oak, Birmingham. The subject of the Summer School is "New Theories of Government," and the School will treat of Socialism, Communism, Fascism, etc., and their relation to international peace. Excursions to places of interest, rambles and social activities are to be arranged. Particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, Women's International League, 55 Gower Street, London.

FOR A STRONGER LEAGUE OF NATIONS

At a meeting of the National Confederation of Ex-Service Men held on March 11, the following motion in regard to peace was unanimously passed:

"Our Ex-Service Men have maintained western civilization and liberties. They wish to see an organized France, in an organized Europe, in an organized world.

"Knowing what it has already cost them, French Ex-Service Men desire peace.

"Convinced that international solidarity, far from being the slogan of a vague idealism, is an incontrovertible economic and ethical truth, our ex-soldiers wish to have real peace put into practice and they desire to see a League of Nations sufficiently strong to secure:

"A system of security which will lead to the limitation of armaments;

"A system of control which will assure the maintenance of disarmament;

"A system of conciliation and arbitration to solve international disputes;

"Finally, a system of sanctions which will assure the respect of treaties and of judgments given by arbitration.

"Holding that these technical conditions, which unfortunately are not yet fulfilled, are indispensable, our Ex-Service Men declare themselves ready actively to co-operate for their realization.

"An organization for peace can be effective only in proportion to the support it will receive from the ex-soldiers of every ex-belligerent country, such ex-service men having the necessary mandate from their respective national organizations." *(Oeuvre, March 12, 1928.)*

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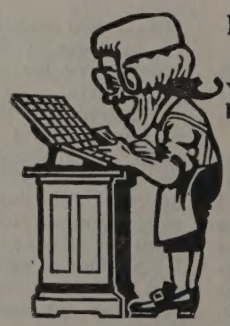
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"Tolstoy"

A PLAY IN SEVEN SCENES

By
Henry Bailey Stevens

Will appear in installments in UNITY during the summer.

Tributes to this drama have been paid by the following persons, as follows:

Jane Addams: "I am sending the play back with an assurance of my genuine admiration. The conflict, the situation, the burning words grip me as they have always done, and I am very grateful to you for making them such a clear and well sustained drama. Will you let me know when it is published? I would like to have it done at Hull House."

Aylmer Maude (the English biographer of Tolstoy): "I am surprised and pleased that you have been able to give so good an impression of Tolstoy's general attitude towards his family and the outside world."

Nathan Haskell Dole (the American biographer of Tolstoy): "I think you have made a convincing drama out of the Tolstoy menage."

Alice Stone Blackwell: "'Tolstoy' is a wonderful play. I have never cared much for Tolstoy's writings—which is probably to my discredit—that is, I have admired them, but not enjoyed them. But nobody could help loving the man as you have depicted him. The play is both beautiful and courageous. It would translate well into a variety of languages."

Vida Scudder: "I have enjoyed the play very much. It is a chronicle play, and to me, at least, quite as moving as Drinkwater's 'Lincoln.' I doubt if it could be acted—the drama is so interior—but surely there is no story so moving in the modern world."

The issue of UNITY for September 10 will be a special Tolstoy Anniversary number.

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